DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XIII., No. 11. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1878. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

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A DROP OF WATER.

Although a drop of water may be a common thing it is possessed of some very uncommon and wonderful properties, a few of which we would like to tell you about. Now in the first place, what is water? About a century ago the general belief was that water was one of the four elements. But it is now known that water is a compound of oxygen with hydrogen in the proportion of one equivalent of hydrogen to two of water. To illustrate the above belief let us try a little experiment and see if we cannot find out something.

MAGNIFIED SNOW-FLAKES.

Take an ordinary gas-burner with a stream of gas issuing from it; now light the gas, and hold close over the flame, just for an instant, a cold piece of procelain—say a teacup, or saucer; on being removed the surface will be found covered with moisture; minute drops of water, obtained from fire. Of course this water must have come from the gas, or air, or from both. The gas from the burner consists of a mixture of different gases, one of them being called hydrogen. The air on the other hand is composed of two other gases, namely, oxygen and nitrogen; when hydrogen is burned in the *air* it units chemically with the oxygen of the latter and the compound thus formed is common water. But although two quarts of hydrogen combine with one of oxygen, don't think that they form three quarts of water, for if it were so we should either be drowned or steamed to death the first time we lighted the gas. When the two gases unite they undergo condensation so that they occupy much less space than formerly. Eighteen hundred quarts of the mixed gases form about one quart of liquid water. The force thus mildly exerted in making the original gases combine and condense to a single gallon of water is great enough to lift a weight of more than forty million of pounds to the height of one foot. Only think of it. These tremendous forces are operating around us so quietly that we scarcely notice them.

Snow, which is water in a frozen state, forms itself into some of the most beautiful shapes, several of which can be seen by our illustration. Every one knows of the strength of the drops of water which form the stream and which we take advantage of to grind our corn; with what terrible blows the ocean's waves batter the cliffs along the shore, but little drops of water do much more work in another, and a vastly more powerful way.

Almost every substance when heated expands, and when it is cool contracts, but there are exceptions. Just fill a bottle with water, cork it tightly and leave it out doors on a cold winter's night. In the morning we will find that the water has expanded in cooling to such an extent that it has burst the bottle. An iron bomb-shell filled with water, tightly plugged and exposed to a sufficient decree of cold will throw out the plug with great force or the shell itself will burst. In winter time little drops of water make their way nto the cracks and crevices of the rock and there freezing and splitting the solid ledges open. Thus huge mountains are slowly ground to powder by the action of drops of water, and rocky and barren places are gradually made fertile. It is indeed fortunate for us that water in freezing is, under certain circumstances, an exception to the rule of expansion and contraction. It follows the rule, however, the exception being only when it is at or near the freezing point. Ice will contract upon cooling, so will water; it is only when the water is forming into ice that it expands so wonderfully. A providential result of that expansion is that ice is lighter than water and thus can float upon it. If the ice were heavier than water it would as a necessity sink to the bottom, leaving room for new ice to form, and thus before the winter's close the ponds and rivers would be a solid block of ice, which of course would cause the death of all the fish.

SPHEROIDAL STATE OF WATER.

But suppose we leave frozen water, and take a look at steam. Whenever any liquid is changed into vapor, a great deal of heat disappears, is seemingly used up, being really converted into motion, and of course the more rapidly the vapor is formed the more rapidly heat vanishes. When the vapor is again condensed to liquid, the heat which has disappeared is again set free and rendered manifest to us.

Suppose you drop a little water on the cover of a red-hot-stove—it quickly forms itself into a little ball which hops around without actually boiling. Now when water is in that state it is said to be in the "spheroidal state." When the water falls on the hot stove a little of it is immediately changed into vapor which forms a sort of cushion for the drop to roll around on; if you break the drop and disturb the cushion the whole evaporates almost simultaneously, and if you place your eyes on a level with the drop you will be able to look between it and the hot metal, and see that they do not really touch.

A most interesting substantiation of this fact can be seen at any glass factory; a man after wetting his arm thoroughly in a tub of water will plunge it in a vessel filled with the molten glass and draw it out without injury; his wet arm coming in contact with the red-hot-liquid will form a vapor which completely protects him from injury. The glass must be at the proper degree of heat or the vapor will not form quickly enough and loss of limb will be the result. Would some of our readers on their visit to a glass factory try this experiment and inform us of the result!

FLAME SEEN BETWEEN THE HOT SURFACE ANT THE GLOBULE.

EARLY RISING.

There is another class of superstitions borne down to us from the crabbed times of our Puritan ancestry which I fancy we shall also somewhat shamefacedly own. They were the daily maxims which formed a part of the teaching in every genuine New England home, and their permanence, as a part of our mental constitution, is an encouraging circumstance to educators who sometimes are inclined to think that even line upon line and precept upon precept fail to make their impression upon the wayward mind of youth. To remove this fear, we stand as living monuments, boldly avowing, first, that we find it constantly difficult to convince ourselves, though our reason tells us that we are absurd,—that it is not a moral duty to rise before, or at least, with the sun. Day by day, as we descend to our eight o'clock or nine o'clock breakfast, we are conscious of a certain sense of moral torpitude which we know to be unreasonable. It is in the effort to shake off this sense which is only the remnant of an old superstition that we write. The general axioms on the subject of early rising, which helped to make the New England Primer and the Farmer's Almanac a never-failing source of supposed improvement, and which were afterward renounciated by Franklin, do not apply to the present day nor to city life. What is gained even for useful work by rising at six, and being obliged to take a nap in the middle of the day? Why not do up all our sleeping at once, and have a clear sweep for work? If, again, one could carefully rake up and cover the embers of his fire at nine, P. M., and sleep the sleep of the righteous till six, he might possibly rise at six or even five, though why, even in that case, any sane person should insist on doing two hours' work before eating, and call such action virtue, I could never understand. Circumstances alter rules as well as cases, which is what we of Puritan stock find it hard to understand. I myself know two young women of New England birth and training who, though they go into much evening society, and are frequently awake at midnight or after, each week during the New York winter, yet persist in being punctual every morning at the half-past-seven breakfast of the family. True, they take long naps in the afternoon; true, they break down every year by March; yet they gallantly return to the assault every autumn, and would feel ashamed and guilty if they did otherwise. So strong is the force of superstition!

In the future more perfect days, it will be considered a sin to awake any one from sleep except in cases of life and death, and our grandchildren may perhaps be free from the inherited weakness of believing, because the flowers and the chickens and the birds wake when the sun does, that therefore a human being should do so. By what logic do we select the one action of waking as suitable for our imitation?—*Anna C. Brackett, in Harpers' Magazine.*

—We never see the song, "Oh, to be nothing," without thinking that another headed, "Oh, to be something," would be equally in place. How very many professing Christians are truly nothings! They do nothing for Jesus—nothing for sinners who are constantly about them. Will not some gifted one write a song on the theme, "Oh, to be something," and teach those who are already nothings to sing it?—*Kentucky Presbyterian.*

EXPERIMENT WITH BOMB-SHELLS.

Temperance Department.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Two boys, both about fifteen years of age, were employed as clerks in a large grocery in an American city. Walter Hyde was the son of a widow, and his earnings were her only means of support. Andrew Strong was the oldest son of a poor mechanic.

Both the boys were capable and industrious, and were members of the "Temperance Union."

Walter and Andrew were good friends, and glad of a situation where they could work together. But they had not long been employed in the grocery before they learned that Mr. Bates, its proprietor, kept a bar in the store. The two boys talked together as to remaining at a place where liquors were sold.

"Let us talk with our folks at home," said Walter. "They will know best. I shall do what mother says."

"And I will ask my father and mother," said Andrew.

"Mother," said Walter Hyde, seating himself beside her easy-chair, and leaning his head on her shoulder, "did you know Mr. Bates sold liquor?"

"Why, no, my son!" said Mrs Hyde, with a start. "Does he?"

"Yes. I didn't know it until to-day. What do you think about my staying there? I haven't anything to do with the liquor department."

For a moment the mother did not answer. Poverty is a hard thing to battle with, and Mrs Hyde knew only too well what must follow the loss of her son's situation.

"My dear boy, let us pray," said this good mother.

And together they knelt in the cheerful firelight.

"I can answer you now, Walter. I would rather starve than have you, for a single day, exposed to such temptations as beset a drinking-house. You may tell Mr. Bates in the morning that you cannot work for him longer. The bitterest poverty would be better than to have my boy in danger of becoming a drunkard."

In his home that evening Andrew Strong asked the same questions of his parents that Walter had asked of his mother.

"You say you haven't anything to do with liquor, eh?" questioned Mr. Strong.

"No; but I soon may have, if I stay there."

"If we were able to get along without your wages, I wouldn't have you remain there another day; but I have so many mouths to feed, and our rent is coming due, and if you leave there you may not get another situation for a long time. What do you think, Annie?" he asked of his wife; "had the boy better leave?"

"Let him stay a little while," said she, "until we can get the rent paid, and meanwhile we can be looking out for a new situation."

The next day Walter Hyde resigned his situation, and he and his widowed mother were left without support. But they put their trust in God, and He did not forsake them.

He soon found a far better position than the one he had before.

For a long time Andrew was careful to avoid the liquor department of the grocery as much as he could. But as day after day passed he grew accustomed to the sight and smell of liquor, and became familiar with the men who frequented the bar-room, and he would now and then be persuaded to taste of the drink. He no longer went to the meetings of the "Temperance Union."

Twenty years passed by.

In a large manufacturing town, as one of the wealthiest mill-owners was walking along the street one day, he saw a man lying drunk by the roadside. He stopped to see if he could not do something for the poor fellow.

"Do you know this man?" he inquired of a passer-by, who was the superintendent of one of the factories.

"No. He is a stranger in the place. He came to me yesterday morning to get work in the mill. I hired him, and paid him, and he spent it on liquor it seems."

"What did you tell me his name was?" inquired the factory owner.

"Andrew Strong," was the answer.

"Is it possible?" said the wealthy gentleman "Yes, it must be he."

Then turning to the man he had been talking with, he said, "Mr. Horton, will you help me to carry this man to my house?"

When Andrew Strong awoke from his drunken slumber he found himself in a rich apartment, and beside him sat a strange gentleman whom he never recollected to have seen.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" he asked, as his scattered senses returned. "What am I here for?"

"Andrew Strong," said the stranger, "do you remember me?"

"No, I never saw you before," was the answer.

"You are mistaken, you and I were once old friends. Don't you remember Walter Hyde, who used to work with you in the store of Mr. Bates."

"Yes, yes," was the answer, "but you cannot be he."

"I am the same boy who talked with you about leaving the store because they sold liquor."

The poor drunkard looked with his bleared eyes into the face of his companion, and after a long pause, said—

"Then I suppose you are the Hyde that owns the——factory, and is so rich?"

"Yes."

"Oh that my father and mother had laid me in my grave," said he, "rather than have let me remain in that liquor-house. This was the turnpoint when I went down and you went up."

"My poor friend do not despair," said Walter Hyde. "It is not yet too late for you to mend. I will help you and I am sure there is manhood enough left in you to bring you up again."

And he did help him. And the poor wretched drunkard became a man, respected by his fellows and a blessing to society.—*League Journal.*

ALCOHOL FOR DEBILITY.

The following is from a lecture on "practical abstinence," delived by an F. R. S. in London recently:

There are many in the great alcoholic population who are fain to use alcohol in order to relieve debility arising from some drain or loss from the system. Mothers who are nursing their children are typical examples of this character. When such mothers are improperly fed, when they are underfed, when they are overfed, or when they are fed on sufficient quantity but indifferent quality of food, they are given frequently to feel low, or they correctly express it: to feel as if life would be intolerable and impossible unless it were relieved. In this emergency they fly to the ever-tempting ever-ready alcoholic potion. The rich woman has at hand the luscious Madeira, or the misnamed "generous port," or the full-bodied sherry, or the sparkling champagne. The poor woman has the "nourishing stout," or rich brown ale, or the vilest of all those products, the nip of gin, rum, whisky or brandy. To these, one or other of them, the sinking woman flies, and in a few minutes the dullness, the heaviness, the faintness has passed away. She is as a drowning person who has come up to the surface, has caught a floating bundle, and holding by it, she breathes again. Alas! In a brief time the support begins to sink away, and the victim with it. She falls once more into the hopeless state to which she started; resorts once more to the promised relief; loses power again, resorts again to the treacherous aid; and in due course of time,—and, indeed, I may say in course of nature,—becomes a new organization altogether, an organization living on a different plan from that on which it was originally projected: coming under a new series of laws of life; passing through a new series of organic changes, and dying at a period different from that which was positively designed for its course; thousands of women annually fall into premature death from this mode of living under emergency. There is no cause for wonder at the fact. That fluid on which they relied had in it nothing at all on which their structural life could be sustained except a little sugar in some of the drinks and the water which formed the main body of the fluid. The action of the alcohol throughout was but an agent that for a moment relaxed the vessels, took off friction for a brief period, set the feeble heart for a short time free; seemed, by the flash of life that appeared on the surface, to communicate life; but really wore out every organ it influenced, and chiefly the heart, without supplying a figment of strength, health, or vitality.

I dare say some of you have seen in watching the course of that dread disease, consumption, the delusive flush to which we physicians give the name of hectic, or hectic fever. There is no word on the lips of the learned physician so ominous in this disease; no sign he is so anxious not to see. In nineteen cases out of twenty it is the sign of doom, written in vivid crimson lines that cannot be mistaken by those who know it. At the same time, it is a sign of the most delusive form to those who do not know it, and to none more delusive than to the sufferer himself. From the depths of exhaustion and death-like depression the sick man lights up into life. His pulse becomes quick, his cool skin warm or glowing, his pale cheek bright, his features animated and his mind re-established and hopeful,—it may be, brilliant and light. It is all a dream. That very exaltation, that very fever, that very brilliancy, like the sudden glare of an expiring wick, is but the hastening flash of the final catastrophe that is at hand.

There is no more faithful representation in the range of nature than this is of the flush of alcohol. It is a presentation, measured in days, of facts and phenomena which under the influence of alcohol are extended over months. The alcoholic flush of the exhausted man or woman, raised up, as it seems, by the alcoholic draught is the hectic of alcohol—a prolonged hectic, but as sure a presage of what is to come as the hectic of consumption.

The hectic of alcohol! Let it be remembered as attacking the weary of life. Too often, alas! it attacks the strong also. Fetches down not the poor unfeebled mother giving up her life-blood to her young, but the man in his prime who has no such excuse for seeking his false aid, but who seeks it really to undermine the very strength on which he should depend, on which he should march to usefulness and reputation and virtue and honor. Him the poet Armstrong forcibly describes in truthful verse:—

"Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; elysium opens round,
A pleasing frenzy moves the lightened soul
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care
And what was difficult and what was irksome
Appears no more. With all my powers
The happiest you of all that e'er were made,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and as the thundering stream,
Swol'n o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Shrinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking, find yourself undone."

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON DRINK.

The Editor of the *Times* has published a letter received from the Duke of Westminster, president of the Coffee Public-house Association, and enclosing another addressed to His Grace by the illustrious Florence Nightingale. In this letter Miss Nightingale dwells with great emphasis on the ruinous results of the drink traffic. She says: "You were so good as to speak to me about the subject of your Committee on Intemperance once and to send me your Blue-book. 'God Speed' with all my heart to your 'Coffee Public-house Association.' Not all the heart of an old nurse like me, appalled with the disease of hospitals, and especially of workhouse infirmaries where the young men patients—at least a very large proportion—come in from 'the drink,' and worse, come in again and again from 'the drink,' knowing that it will be the drink again which brings them there, and will bring them there as long as they live; helpless and hopeless to save themselves, knowing that they are caught and will be caught (like Hindoo roots in the money-lender's clutch) in the same desperate trap, which, like the Indian money-lender, extorts a higher and a higher rate of usury every year—another pound of flesh—to their dying day.

"Almost all the unmarried men, and some of the married ones (away from their wives to the marked detriment of their work) in these infirmaries tell the same story:—

I live in a miserable lodging, where I am not wanted and may not poke the fire (the definition of a comfortable lodging is to be allowed to poke the fire) or even sit by the fire. I have nowhere to go to but to the public-house, nowhere to sit down, often nowhere to take my meals. We young men lodgers often sleep in one room with two or even three generations of the same family, including young women and girls, unless, indeed, we can get into the model lodging-houses. Coffee houses might save us, model lodging-houses might make model men of us; nothing else would. As it is, here we are, and here we shall be in and out of the same sick ward, "every man Jack of us," till the last time, when we come to die in it.

"This is the story told with every shade of feeling, from tears to desperation or callousness, sometimes mixed up with a pitiful love story, sometimes with a theft story, or worse, of thousands.

"Yet these men are so far from 'all bad,' that the nurse of the ward is a 'trained' nurse, which implies a character and education, to carry some weight and influence, they will scrupulously respect their nurse's property, and even her feelings, and will send her word if they have 'kept straight'—how seldom!—or when they have got work.

"The children of these men are as much born to the same lot as the children of English are born to be English.—*Alliance News.*

THE *Times* has published a letter on the sudden disuse of stimulants:—"The Rev. T. H. den Chope writes to us from Hartland Vicarage, North Devon: 'It is frequently affirmed that any sudden abstinence from alcoholic beverages in a person—much more in an aged person—who has used them through life is prejudicial to health. An instance has lately come under my observation of the beneficial results arising from the sudden disuse of alcoholic stimulants by a widow of 82 summers. Her usual drink through life has been gin, which she changed for beer previous to reaching her 80th year. She suffered from occasional attacks of gout in her left hand and also a running foot-sore. Up, then, reaching the age of 80—that is, two years ago—she suddenly adopted the total abstaining principle, much to the surprise and consternation of her friends, who all prophesied a speedy and sudden termination of her life for the want of her accustomed potations. Nothing of the kind. The toe healed, the gout vanished, and for two years she has been free from these harassing complaints, and is a living monument of the good effected by the sudden adoption of a non-alcoholic regimen. She is in her 83rd year, and frequently walks out into her son's garden or farmyard without any covering on her head, Her memory is excellent; she can repeat long prayers, and she bids fair to become a centenarian.'"—We take the above from the *Times* of March 25.

LONGEVITY OF ABSTAINERS.—The comparative mortality of abstainers and moderate drinkers is the subject of a very interesting letter in the *Sanitary Record* by Dr. Edmunds the well-known teetotal physician. That teetotalism tends to longevity is shown by the fact that the Temperance and general Provident Institute has been one of the most successful of assurance socities, and after paying vast sums to the representatives of deceased members possesses £2,300,000 as the saving and property of its surviving members. The temperance section has been kept distinct from the general section, and the deaths among the total abstainers have been so much fewer than among the moderate drinkers that the former have had altogether 17 per cent more bonus to divide than the latter. Dr. Edmunds gives some full statistics, from which it appears that diseases of the nervous and excrementary systems kill 172 abstainers for 186 moderate drinkers the excess for the latter being 66 per cent. On the other hand lung disease, heart disease, and zymotic kill 461 abstainers for 401 moderate drinkers, an excess of 15 per cent on the abstainers. Classing all diseases, the mortality among abstainers is about three-fourths of that among moderate drinkers.

THE CORK WORKHOUSE NURSES AND THE PORTER.—In November last it was decided to stop the porter given to the pauper nurses attending to orphan children, and to the able-bodied assistants, additional rations of meat and tea being substituted. In December the doctors reported that the nurses positively refused to nurse the children unless they got the porter; one guardian asked was it to be tolerated, that they should dictate to the board. At the following meeting, another guardian said dissatisfaction would result if porter was not given; it was decided to yield to the nurses and the assistants, and the porter drinking goes on as usual. The nurses gained the victory. During the month, 225 pints were consumed by the special male pauper assistants and 239 pints by the nurses. On the 27th December a labour master was to be elected. It was proposed to appoint a total abstianer, in order to set a good example; after some discussion, the proportion was rejected, and the Cork Poor House is a place for drink at the expense of the ratepayers.

—The *Dublin Daily Mail* (Jan. 26) remarks that—"It would be useful if some test could be fixed by which to determine when a man is drunk. An ingenious test was once suggested of asking a man who was supposed to be drunk to repeat three times the words 'truly rural.' If the words were debased into 'tooral lural,' or some thing of that sort, the man was to be regarded as drunk within the meaning of the act. The test would not be fair to the man who has even a slight vocal impediment, but that some test is needed is shown every day. For instance in a charge against a publican for permitting drunkenness, heard at Liverpool yesterday, one policeman was of the decided opinion that two men who were in the publican's house were drunk; the publican and the men themselves were as equally positive that they were sober; a second policeman said the men were 'so much intoxicated, but not drunk;' and a third policeman was of opinion that they were drunk, but 'not bad.'" The magistrates took the middle course of dismissing the charge and cautioning the publican to be 'more careful' in future."

THE rapid increase of cigarette-smoking may be inferred from the fact that ten years ago there was but a single brand, while now there are 338. Prominent physicians pronounce it more injurious than cigar-smoking, as the smoke is generally inhaled and ejected through the nose, causing irritation of the mucous membrane of the nose. It also causes vertigo, dimness of vision and dyspepsia, bronchial and throat diseases.

SPONTANEOUS EXPLOSION OF TOUGHENED GLASS

In the *Bohemia*, Professor Ricard, of Trehewan, tells the following tale:

"A child's drinking glass was bought one day, at Saaz, for about seventy kreutzers, and for six months it sustained its character of unbreakable glass. But about nine o'clock one evening in the sixth month it was used in drinking *eau sucres*, and was then placed, with a silver spoon in it, upon a large oaken table. Suddenly I heard from my room a violent explosion like a pistol shot, and a metallic sound. I ran in, and saw the whole floor strewn with needles and splinters of glass scattered thinly and widely—and not only upon the floor, but the bed, the table, the washstand, the carpet, and the clothes hung up were covered with these shreds. I looked everywhere for the cause of this explosion, and at last remarked that the child's drinking cup was gone. The empty glass had exploded—without apparent cause, without the approach of a light, and having a spoon in it—with such extraordinary force that the whole household was frightened. I relate this story, therefore, not only for the information of chemists and natural philosophers, but also of those families who believe that in this so-called unbreakable glass they possess remarkable and unspoilable playthings or useful household goods, to show them that when such an explosion occurs it may cause not only fright but mischief."

To the foregoing the editor of the *Polytechnichen Notizblatts* adds that such explosions of toughened glass, often without any apparent cause, have been pretty frequent of late, and appear to be on the increase—a circumstance likely to prevent people from using toughened glass until the cause of this evil property has been discovered and removed by a change in the process of manufacture. The explosion is, doubtless, caused by some change in the extreme tension of the fibers of the toughened glass, and it is probable that if the tension were removed the glass would no longer be tough.—*Scientific American.*

The Uses of the Lemon.—The London *Lancet* says: "Few people know the value of lemon-juice. A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should be renewed night and morning. A free use of lemon-juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. Most people feel poorly in the spring, but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast every day for a week—with or without sugar, as they like—they would find it better than any medicine. Lemon-juice, used according to this recipe, will sometimes cure consumption; Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil; boil slowly until the lemons are soft, then squeeze until all the juice is extracted; add sugar to your taste and drink. In this way use one dozen lemons a day. If they cause pain, lessen the quantity and use only five or six a day until you are better, and then begin again with a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold on to the lemons, and still use them very freely for several weeks more. Another use for lemons is for a refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as directed above and add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons squeeze and strain carefully; then to every half pint of juice add one pound of loaf or crushed sugar, boil and stir a few minutes more until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully and bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, and the preparation keeps better."

Plumbing and Rum Selling.—In commenting upon the report of a sanitary enquirer in New York, *The Sanitarian* says:—In addition to an enormous quantity of such villainous work in New York and Brooklyn as that above described, it is a common practice for plumbers to put in "safety pans" under the washstands of the best houses, against the danger of leaks to the frescoing. These pans are usually provided with no traps, of about ten inches in diameter, connected with the house drain-pipe ostensibly to prevent the escape of sewer-gas into the rooms, and yet they are never sealed—never have any water in them unless there is a leak under the washstand! Not long since we were called upon to examine a first-class house in which there had recently been two deaths from diphtheria: the washstands throughout the house were all thus provided with these death traps—not one of which had any water in it; all the chambers were in free communication with the main house sewer-pipe. And the house was "elegantly" plumbed throughout, without regard to expense, or common-sense. As commonly pursued, the trade of plumbing is fraught with danger comparable only with rum-selling, and scarcely less fatal to the health and lives of the people; and like it, should either be wholly prohibited or placed under such legal restrictions as will effectually protect the health and lives of the people.

A recent discovery in telegraphy is likely, according to the *Student's Journal*, to cause a revolution in medical pratice. Hitherto it has been necessary for country patients who wish to consult a London physician either to come to town or to send for the physician to visit them at their country homes. But it is not improbable that before long physicians will be able to remaining their consulting rooms and be kept advised by telegraph as to the exact state of their patients without regard to distance. It is reported that a physician, Dr. Upham, of Salem, Mass., recently demonstrated to an audience to which he was lecturing the variations of the pulse in certain diseases by causing the lecture-room to be placed in telegraphic communication with the City Hospital at Boston, fifteen miles distant; and then, by means of a special apparatus and a vibrating ray of magnesium light, the pulse-beats were exhibited upon the wall. By a judicious combination of Dr. Upham's apparatus and the telephone, a patient may possibly be subjected to a physical examination sufficient to diagnose heart and lung disease without going near the physician.—*Methodist.*

Shamoy Skins are, as every one knows, largely used for many purposes—for inside linings of gloves, &c., and for cleaning purposes in many departments. It is not derived from the skin of the chamois, as is sometimes ignorantly supposed, from the sound of the name, which results from the process, but from the flesh-side of the sheep-skins which have been split. The skins, after having been passed in the ordinary way through the earlier processes of washing, &c., are soaked first in lime-water and next in a mixture of bran and water, or in a weak infusion of sulphuric acid, after which they are beaten in a mill till no moisture remains in them. Fish oil is then poured over the skins, which are again beaten till they are thoroughly impregnated with it. This is done over and over again until the skins can receive no more oil; and then they are hung for a short time in a room heated up to a certain temperature. They are then carefully washed in a solution of potash, which removes any oil that may still remain about the leather; and thus we have the shamoy skin of daily use.—*Good Words.*

A Sunlight Stove.—A successful attempt has now been made to store up the heat of the sun's rays for immediate and practical use. It was carried out in India. The rays were first made to pass through glass fixed an inch away from the actual apparatus, which was consequently entirely surrounded by hot air. The enclosed apparatus, a copper receptacle, was blackened outside—a color which is well known to absorb heat, as any one may prove by wearing a black coat on a warm summer's day. The heat thus retained was further assisted by a conical reflector of silvered glass, and a quantity of mutton and vegetables placed within was perfectly cooked. To further aid in retaining the absorbed heat, when the apparatus was removed from the sunlight it was covered with a rug, as ladies place a "cosy" over the teapot to draw the tea. Since then the inventor has improved upon the process, and can now cook chops or steaks in the open air as quickly as by an ordinary fire, and entirely by the sun's rays. The most remarkable point is, perhaps, that the heat is kept in the apparatus for as long as three and a half hours.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Sleep as a Medicine.—A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the better will be the more healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation good air, and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, an avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

Why Colors Can Never Be Photographed.—It is now universally admitted by chemists and physicists that natural colors can never be reproduced by the process of photography. There is a broad philosophical reason for this belief. Color has no objective existence. It is simply the brain's interpretation of the rapidity with which the waves of the ray of light beat against the retina. Beats more rapid produce the sensation of the mind known as violet; beats less rapid, that known as red. The violet and the red are nothing but the vibrations of the other until they reach the optic nerve and communicate to that the vibrations which the brain translates. Until collodion, or some other sensitive agent, can be made to vibrate like the optic nerve, and can be endowed with intelligence like the brain, the undulations that fall upon it in a ray of light will remain undulations and nothing more. In other words, it is as impossible to photograph color as it is to photograph sound.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It was long supposed that the brackishness of Salt river, Arizona, was caused by the stream running over a bed of salt somewhere along its course Its waters are pure and fresh from where it heads in the White mountains to within 50 miles where it empties into the Gila. Fifty miles from its junction with the Gila there comes into it a stream of water that is intensely salt. This stream pours out of the side of a large mountain, and is from 20 to 30 feet deep. It is very rapid, and pours into the salt river a great volume of water. Here could be easily manufactured sufficient salt to supply the markets of the world. All that would be necessary would be to dig ditches and lead the brine to basins in the nearest deserts. The heat of the sun would make the salt. Were there a railroad near the stream its waters would doubtless soon be turned and led to immense evaporating ponds. it is supposed that the interior of the mountain, out of which the stream flows, is largely composed of rock salt—*Scientific American.*

Another new use of the telephone is in the Norwegian herring fisheries. The fishing season takes place when the herrings come into the shoals to deposit their eggs; but it often happens that the fish accomplish their purpose and go back into deep water before all the fishermen can be warned. Some 120 miles of submarine cable have been laid and telephones connected with it, so that all the fishermen on the coast can be immediately notified.

Chromate of lead gives a beautiful yellow color to candy but is, unfortunately, poisonous. Conscientious makers do not however use it in quantities large enough to be immediately fatal, unless too much candy is eaten. The test is simple, dissolve the candy in water and if there is an insoluble yellow residuum it is probably chromate of lead.

A comparison of ancient records with modern observations tends to show that diphtheria is an old disease with a new name. It made great havoc in New England, especially in New Hampshire and Maine, at three different epochs, 1735 —'8, 1786 and 1832.

DOMESTIC

CLEANING AND COOKING DRIED FRUIT.

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

All dried fruit should be carefully picked over and throughly washed before it is put to soak.

But it is a great mistake to put fruit into water and leave it, under the impression that it must soak awhile before dirt can be washed off. Put the dried fruit into a pan of tepid water and wash throughly but rapidly. Rub it with the hands briskly and take it from the water as soon as possible, leaving it to drain a short time before putting it in soak for the night. If dried fruit is thus speedily washed it loses very little, if any, of its flavor.

All dried fruit requires to be soaked an hour or two, and unsually all night, before ready to be cooked. If it is put on to cook without soaking, it will be hard and tough; but use only water enough to cover it, or no more than will be needed to cook it in. If too much water is used it will make the fruit when cooked insipid and tasteless. Not a drop of the water in which it is soaked can be spared. Half of the best juices of the fruit will be found in this water, but if cooked in it and properly looked after they will be so united as to be both alike good.

No sweetening should be added to the fruit until it is perfectly soft, else the sugar will make the sauce quite hard and unpalatable. But when the fruit has swelled to its natural proportions and is as tender as if just gathered, then put in whatever sweetening is needed and leave it to simmer till the juice is like a rich syrup and the fruit is throughly seasoned by it.

In preparing citron, raisins or currents for cake or pies almost every cook has her own particular ideas, and will follow them, sometimes unwisely, if the mistress does not interfere.

Citron, having a large, smooth surface, requires less attention than smaller fruits which become quite wrinkled and shriveled when dried, and in these wrinkles dust and dirt find good hiding places. The citron can be wiped off with a damp cloth before slicing it up, or well brushed if it has lint or dust adhering to it, or if it does not look clean it can be scraped gently with a knife.

Raisins, both the large bloom raisins and the stoneless or Sultana, should be picked over carefully, remove all the stems and dirt that can be done with the fingers, and then, by taking them a few at a time in a clean linen cloth, if not extremely dirty, they can be rubbed quite clean without washing and if done with care will be perfectly fitted for use.

But the Zante *currants* are much more filthy than any of the dried fruit to be found in our market. They are usually matted together, and straws, hairs, or almost every kind of dirt so closely blended with them that we know of no way by which currants may be made passably clean but by washing. They need to be first rubbed in the hands so as to separate them and shake out the loose dirt; then put into a bowl of water, not many at a time, and well and quickly rubbed; then as fast as possible put each mess into a colander to drain. To be sure some of the sweetness and flavor is lost, but we lose much dirt also. Zante currents are so dirty and mussy looking that it never seems possible to get them so clean but that they retain, even when in pies or cake, an earthy dirty taste. We never feel tempted to use them. but think washing is the only way to make them clean enough to eat.—*Christian Union.*

Dressing Asparagus.—Cut off as much of the white end of the sprouts as is necessary to enable them to be conveniently handled; wash lightly. The English carefully scrape each separate stem, but what is to be gained by it they do not say.

Dandelions, Mustard, Etc.—Pick over, wash, and rinse throughly; put into an abundance of boiling water and boil rapidly until they are done, which you may know by mashing them between the fingers. Take up, drain and serve the same as spinach.

Milkweed.—Cut the stems when about five or six inches high, trimming off such leaves as appear to be tough; boil them in a medium quantity of water, take up and drain, very much the same as asparagus. The time required is twenty minutes, if they are very tender. The succulent stems are the most delicate part, and may be cut in bits and stewed like asparagus pease. Poke shoots may be cooked in a smaller manner.—Julia Colman.

Stewing Asparagus.—Tie the dressed asparagus in bundles of half a dozen sprouts each, and drop them into boiling water sufficient to cover them; boil gently for eighteen or twenty minutes, or until the green portion is quite tender—though it should not fall to pieces when handled. Cut and remove the strings and carefully place them lengthwise on a warm platter, and tilt it slightly for a few minutes to drain. Serve by placing a few on each plate and cut the green and soft portions.

Spinach.—Wash spinach carefully in an abundance of water; pick off all decayed leaves, and rinse; put into a pot with no water except what clings to it from the rinsing; cover close and cook gently till tender, which will require from twenty to thirty minutes, according to its succulence; then take up into a colander, place it over the pot to drain, covering it to keep it warm. If you have a perforated mould it is very convenient to press it into that, and when drained turn it out on a platter to serve, being careful to keep it warm.

The hair, with some people, is a subject of anxiety sooner or later. I wish I could give a receipt for keeping it on the female head and off the female lip; to keep it always glossy and bright, and prevent it from turning grey. I cannot do that, however, but I can remind you that the state of the health exerts a wonderful influence over the appearance of the hair. This is the best in the lower animals. In the dog, for example, a harsh dry coat is sufficient to tell the skillful veterinary surgeon that there is illness about the animal somewhere. And in the human being an unhealthy appearance of either hair or scalp, cannot exist with perfect salubrity of body. We all know that some strong and sudden affections of the mind, such as grief or fear, are capable of whitening the hair in even a single night; we know, too, that the worry and tear of life bleach the hair by a slower process; but it is more difficult to believe that hair once whitened, unless by age, often regains a portion at least of its colour without the aid of artificial means; but this, I think, has been proved

Now, all that is required in order to keep the hair beautiful, with a healthy person, is occasional washing, using eggs instead of soap and the use of a good though not too hard hair-brush. It is not the hair itself that is capable of being acted upon by these means but the scalp—the soil, so to speak, in which it grows. "*Family Doctor in Cassells Magazine.*

RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

CHATER VII.

"Wife," said John Burton, as he came in late one evening from the warehouse after tea, "I want to consult you about something, but not at present—I'm too hungry."

"Nothing wrong, John?" asked Mrs Burton with her usual anxiety.

"No, indeed, quite the other way; it's only something about Rag and Tag."

As soon as tea was over, Mrs. Burton drew a chair close to her husband's, and with her knitting in her hand quietly waited until it should please him to tell her what he was thinking about.

After a few moment's silence, John turned round, and laying his hand on his wife's, said—

"I think it's high time we dropped the 'Rag and Tag' names, and christened our children properly; and I've been thinking we could not choose a nicer day than Christmas Day for this, nor nicer names than yours and mine. I thought I would speak to Mr. Hannington this very night when I go to bring back the children."

And so John did; and it was settled that on the afternoon of Christmas Day Rag and Tag should be received into the outward and visible Church of God, whilst John and his wife stood as sponsors, and be known after that by the names of Rachel and John. The children themselves were much pleased when they knew this. They were beginning to wish for names not so intimately connected with the sad old times down in the cellar with the "dreadfuls" and Mrs. Burton was delighted, for she said "it would make them entirely their children, instead of only make believe ones." So all was satisfactory, and all were happy.

The day passed on, and Christmas Eve arrived. The snow was falling fast, and it was bitterly cold. Henry Hambledon had with much difficulty got some holly to brighten up the room where the night school was held; also the two wards; and he had asked Rag and Tag to come and help in making all tidy, and arranging for the Christmas dinner which was to be given on Saturday. Full of hope and joy, the brother and sister were wending their way to the night school house, in their light heartedness laughing at the soft flakes of snow as they came down so noiselessly upon them—now in their eyes, almost blinding them for the moment, now in their mouths, as they opened them to speak—and making them both look like a pretty Christmas card, as they half walked, half ran along. Just as they were crossing the street leading to their destination, Tag in front, and Rag following behind, there suddenly came upon them unheard and unseen a cab, driven at a great pace; in another instant the horse would have knocked down Tag, and he would have been run over, when, quick as thought, from the other side there darted a girl with something her arms, who, pushing Tag as she ran, sent him flying out of danger, whilst the horse catching her instead, down she fell on her face, and the wheels passed over her body. It was all the work of an instant; but a crowd was soon assembled, and when two policemen raised her gently up Tag saw it was "Long Nose" who had saved his life.

With a cry of pain Rag flew to her side.

"Oh Lizzie, Lizzie, are you killed? You have saved Tag's life. Open your eyes and tell me you won't die."

Tag was sobbing so loud he could not speak.

Poor Lizzie's large eyes opened, and a smile came round her white lips for a moment, as she looked at the children.

"Pick up the holly," she whispered, faintly. "I've been a long way to get it an' I've brought it a-purpose for His birthday!"

Rag looked round, and there at a little distance lay, with its green leaves and scarlet berries, on the freshly-fallen snow, a large bundle of beautiful holly.

They were close to Mr. Hambledon's "Home," and he was too well known for the policeman to hesitate a moment about taking the poor girl there.

In a very short time she was placed in a bed quickly made up for her in a long room upstairs, into which Rag and Tag had been taken some weeks before. The doctor came, and all that could be was done for poor Lizzie. But it was a hopeless case; the spine was injured; she might linger on, or die soon.

As the clergyman and Henry Hambledon bent over her, she suddenly asked for Rag and Tag, who immediately came.

"Tell him," she said slowly, looking at Mr. Hannington, "what I got the holly for."

But the children could not speak—they were crying too much

"What did you get it for, my poor girl?" asked Henry Hambledon. "Is there anything you wish us to do with it?"

"I got it," she said, slowly and painfully, "'cos I did so want Him to see I knew of His birthday, and 'cos I love Him for loving me. You will put it up, won't you?" she added, pleadingly. "I've walked a weary long way for it—but He did more for me."

"What did He do for you?" asked Mr. Hannington, gently.

"He died for me," she answered, gravely; "I know it all now, but I only knew it for certain last Monday night. 'Twas my last chance—you was right, Tag, after all."

"Lizzie, Lizzie," sobbed the boy, as he looked at her colourless face and closed eyes: "don't die, don't die. You have killed yourself for me, and I've never been kind to you—only laughed at you and called you 'Long Nose.'"

Lizzie opened her eyes. "I would take your hand, Tag, an' press it, an' Rag's too, but I can't move nor feel anythin'; but I do love you both, an' it wor all through you I iver learnt anythin' or how 'Jesus loves me;' for I follered yer both, the night you went past the cellar with the man, an' it wor you got me to come here, an' got me to be made happy. So don't go for to cry, an' make yerselves unhappy. I'm glad to die—besides, if this 'adn' a-come to kill me, my cough would a-done it—I knows that; so don't yer fret, dears."

She closed her eyes again. Mr. Hambledon held a cup to her lips, but she could not swallow. They all knelt by her bedside, but she did not seem to see or heed them. Presently a sweet sunny smile flitted over her poor pinched wan face, and she tried to raise herself in the bed. "I'm coming, Lord Jesus," she murmured; "I'm thank you for loving me My *first happy Christmas.*" These were the last words she uttered.

"Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white.

"Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod;
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

"My Saviour is now over there—
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care—
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

"I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me."

CHAPTER VIII.

"And so these two children you baptized this afternoon were the little Rag and Tag you had been telling me about; and the poor friendless girl you had buried to-day, lost her life in saving the boy's—poor brave young thing. But oh, Herbert, what a wonderful Christmas Day this will be to her! Just fancy, after all her privations and sorrows and trials, and no one to love her down here, to find herself up there looking on the face of Jesus, and amongst the blessed ones in heaven. It makes one hold one's breath—one cannot imagine what it must be. Happy Lizzie! I envy her."

"Don't say that, Amy," replied her brother, quickly; "your turn will come in God's good time, and until it does you have plenty of work to do for Him. I am sure I hope it may be ages before you are taken from me. Why, my little darling golden-haired sunny Amy, what should I do without you? Life would indeed be a blank to me without my sister—my only relation in this wide, heartless world;" and Mr. Hannington stooped down and kissed his sister's forehead.

"I did not mean it, Herbert dear; I spoke thoughtlessly and wrongly. Of course in one way I do envy that happy Lizzie; but it would indeed be sorrow to leave you. And then I should like before I go to feel I had done some little work for Him who has done all for me; and I should be sorry to leave all my girls, and my little Servants' school, where they are getting on so nicely. Only think! I have sent three girls out to good situations within the last month, and three more will soon be ready to go; and oh, Herbert, I wonder if I had had Lizzie whether she might have not been alive, now, and strong and happy; I might have hunted her up if I had tried hard. Might I not, Herbert?"

Mr. Hannington said nothing, but he smiled as he looked at the sad downcast face—a moment ago so full of brightness and gladness.

"Why, Herbert"—for on receiving no answer she had raised her eyes to look at him—"you are smiling! How unkind of you, when I am feeling so sad and miserable. What can you find to smile at in what I have just said?"

"Let me ask you one question instead of answering yours."

"As many as you like; only I am sure you cannot ask me anything which will make me smile."

"Let me try. Which do you think is the most to be envied—poor, friendless, starving Lizzie, a neat little servant learning her duties very tolerably well in Miss Amy Hannington's school, down in this changing restless world; or the same Lizzie taken away from all her tempations and miseries, and placed by her loving Lord in the midst of joy, rest, and peace forever, 'where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'"

"Oh, Herbert"—and his sister got up and put her hand lovingly in his—"how foolish of me to speak as I did when a moment ago I was envying her! I spoke without thinking. What a thing it is to have a clergyman brother to help and teach you;" and bright, good little Amy was leaving the room to see why tea was so long in coming for this same brother, when he caught her by the hand, and gently forcing her into a large arm-chair close to the fire, said:

"One little sermon, Amy, and then you may go. I believe what God wishes us to do is to seek out carefully, in a prayerful, humble spirit, His will in all things, and then looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but with our faces set Zionwards, endeavour, by His grace helping us, not only to know but to do it; and I can-

not help thinking that little John and Rachel Burton have been brought before us purposely, that we may be allowed to help Burton and his wife in doing something for them'

Amy Hannington had been listening attentively to her brother, and when he had finished speaking she said, gently, "It will be a pleasure to try and do something for those children. I was so touched with the earnest grave expression of their faces when you admitted them into the visible Church of Christ, and said all that part about their fighting manfully under Christ's banner, and being His faithful soldiers and servants all the days of their life." "Yes, Amy, and I will tell you somebody else who was touched too, and that was old Mr. Webster, the owner of the warehouse. where John Burton works I don't believe he ever came to a christening before in his life but both he and Mrs. Webster were there. I had told them last night how Burton and his wife had adopted the poor little things, and all about them, and he asked what time they were to be 'named;' and I saw him durning the whole of the service leaning quite forward to catch every word, and when it was over he just whispered something to his wife, and they both left church without one word to Burton or the children, but with something very much like tears in their eyes; and they are both, as you know, exceedingly hard worldly people, with a large fortune and no family of their own to spenp it on."

"I wish, then, they would do something for those dear good people the Burtons; but wishing is not much good, I had farbetter go and see about tea; it will soon be church time again. I hope you will preach as nice a sermon as you this morning. Do bring in something about rich people, and not setting your hearton treasures down here, and a little about Christmas being sucha nice time for doing good, and so on, just in case Mr. Webster might be there;" and Amy laughed a merry little laugh as she turned to leave the room.

Mr. Hannington smiled, but merely remarked, "As Mr. Webster never comes twice to church, there is not much chance of his hearing anything I have to say."

"Wrong for once, Herbert," said his sister, as they walked quickly home through the frosty air from their happy evening service. Mr. Webster was there tonight, and Mrs. Webster too, and very attentive they were."

"Were they? I am glad of it; but I really saw nobody except little Rachel and Johnnie Burton. I think they have about the pleasantest, most engaging faces I ever saw; there is such a downright earnest look in there eyes."

"They have, and I think Mr. and Mrs. Webster noticed it also. I saw them looking at the children, and then whispering to each other. I should not be a bit surprised if a large hamper comes to us very soon from those old people, with clothes and money and all sorts of good things for us to give Rachel and Johnnie."

"I should be very"—and Mr. Hannington shook his head as he turned the latch-key in the lock of the door. "Run in quickly out of the bitter air. I could just as soon imagine the moon shining by day and giving us heat—in short, the sun and moon shaking hands and changing places—as old Mr. or Mrs. Webster parting with any of their money. I have known them now for ten years most intimately, and if I did not really believe what I am saying should not venture on such a remark."

"Oh dear! I am disappointed," and Amy threw herself into a large chair by the fire in her brother's study. "It just shows what imagination will do; I really fancied I saw such a happy, softened expression on their faces to-night—a sort of 'love and charity towards all men' look; and I had pictured to myself all the way home a huge hamper standing just in front of your study table, or—"

"Please, sir"—and old Marjory, the nurse of their childhood, and faithful servant, friend and counsellor of their older days, came into the room, and putting a large letter in a thick blue business-looking envelope, with an enormous red seal upon it, into Mr. Hanningtons' hands, said "I was desired to put this into your own hands, sir, and nobody else's, as soon as you came back from evening service to-night; and I was to ask no questions, and you was to ask none, and even if you ever found out where it came from you was to say nothing to nobody!"

"Marjory, Marjory, stay!" as the old nurse was slowly, and unwillingly, if the truth be told, leaving the study. "Do stay and see what it is. Tell her to stay, Herbert; we don't often get a little piece of excitement, and dear old Marjory shall have her share of it as well as you and I—shall she not? We are eagerly waiting."

(To be Continued.)

FEEDING ANIMALS IN THE POUND.

FEEDING ANIMALS IN THE POUND.

Who knows what a pound is? not a pound in money; not four dollars Canadian currency, you know, but a pound where they keep strayed horses, sheep, cows and other animals. There, I have told you without waiting to hear who could answer. Well, now that you all know what a pound is, I will tell you a story about one. This pound was in England, and the little boys and girls as they went to and came from school, and during the play hour used to feed the horses and donkeys that were locked up in it. It used to give them great pleasure to feed the quiet animals with grass which they pulled themselves and which was eaten while they held it in their hands. The man who kept this pound was generally very kind and paid great attention to the poor creatures under his care. But sometimes he would drink too much of what the Bible says "Biteth like a serpent;" and for days and weeks he would be incapable of attending to his duties. Well, one day the children visited the pound. They had not done so for some time as it had been rainy weather. On looking in they saw but one poor donkey. They all knew it and they cried out "Lame Ned's donkey." It belonged to a pooor lame boy named Ned, a great favorite with them all, who often used to give them a ride on this very same donkey. They then went to work to pull a large armful of grass for their friend and brought some of it to hold in their hands, but he hardly seemed to mind them and just lifted up his head and whinnied. They coaxed and coaxed him but he would just whinnie and lay down his head again. At last one of the bigger boys jumped into the pound and attempted to coax him along, and lifted him up. But the poor donkey was unable to stand. They then guessed what the matter was for they remembered that the pound keeper had not been sober for some time. One of the boys ran and got a pail of water and the others carried handfuls of grass to him and soon Ned's donkey was on his feet again. They then told their teacher who had him let out and Ned, I can tell you, was pleased to get his old servant back for he had feared that he would never see his donkey again.

PLEASANT WORDS are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

The Family Circle.

SORROW ON THE SEA.

"There is sorrow on the sea—it cannot be quiet."—Jer. xlix. 23.

The following fine poem, written by the late Captain M. A. S. Hare, of the "Eurydice" in a friend's album some years since, will be read with mournful interest:—

I stood on the shore of the beautiful sea,
As the billows were roaming wild and free:
Onward they came with unfailing force,
Then backward turned in their restless course;
Ever and ever sounded their roar,
Foaming and dashing against the shore;
Ever and ever they rose and fell,
With heaving and sighing and mighty swell;
And deep seemed calling aloud to deep
Lest the murmuring waves should drop to sleep.
In summer and winter, by night and by day,
Thro' cloud and sunshine holding their way;
Oh! when shall the ocean's troubled breast
Calmly and quietly sink into rest?
Oh! when shall the waves' wild murmuring cease,
And the mighty waters be hushed to peace?

It cannot be quiet—it cannot rest;
There must be heaving on ocean's breast;
The tide must ebb, and the tide must flow,
Whilst the changing seasons come and go.
Still from the depths of that hidden store
There are treasures tossed up along the shore;
Tossed by the billows—then seized again—
Carried away by the rushing main,
Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea!
Sounding for ever mysteriously,
Why are thy billows still rolling on,
With their wild and sad and musical tone?
Why is there never repose for thee?
Why slumberest thou not, oh mighty sea?

Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,
Mournfully, solemnly—sounding near,
Like a wail sent up from the caves below,
Fraught with dark memories of human woe,
Telling of loved ones buried there,
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer;
Telling of hearts still watching in vain
For those who shall never come again;
Of the widow's groan, the orphan's cry,
And the mother's speechless agony.
Oh, no, the ocean can never rest
With such secrets hidden within its breast.
There is sorrow written upon the sea,
And dark and stormy its waves must be;
It *cannot* be quiet, it *cannot* sleep,
That dark, relentless and stormy deep.

But a day will come, a blessed day
When earthly sorrow shall pass away,
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.
Then out from its deepest and darkest bed
Old Ocean shall render up her dead,
And, freed from the weight of human woes,
Shall quietly sink in her last repose.
No sorrow shall ever be written then
On the depths of the sea or the hearts of men
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,
Still clothed in glory and light divine.
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?
Gone! for in heaven shall be "no more sea!"
'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth,
That cannot share in the soul's "new birth;"
'Tis a life of murmur and tossing and spray,
And at resting-time it must pass away.

But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,
There is health and joy and blessing in thee:
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice,
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice—
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;
Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed,
Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;
Weep for the sin, the sorrow, and strife,
And rejoice in the hope of eternal life.
—*Naval and Military Gazette*

LUCELET'S ANGER-STORM.

BY ELLA FARMAN.

Lucelet, gentle little Lucelet Solsby, never before in all her life went into a room as she went into her own chamber for the first time at her Uncle Theodore's. Little Lucelet's movements, by nature, were as soft and noiseless as a zephyr's. But now she had come upstairs like a high wind, the stair-door had closed behind her with a slam, her own door had repeated the slam.

In the centre of the room she stopped short, like a creature at bay. Her delicate pink cheeks burned crimson, her blue eyes emitted a succession of quick rays like sparks. Lucelet was in the first storm of her life, the first anger-storm. Her words burst from her lips like a gasp of pain:

"O, those boys! those boys! I cannot live here! Is Uncle Theodore my dear mamma's brother? And will my sweet mamma's brother let his boys do such things?"

He evidently would; for a long howl,—no, a *miaw!* rising from below and penetrating Lucelet's room, cut short her angry protest. The child shook and shrank as if every nerve in her soft little body and tender soul had been separately sounded by a rough finger.

"I never will call them cousins! No boy who can pinch a cat's tail like that shall be a cousin of mine; I never will! I—I—"

And then the fierce, bright color of Lucelet's cheeks spread out over her face in a deep, dull red, cloudy, crying red, and she sat down by the table, limp as could be, and began to cry. She cried a long time, too; indeed, I don't know how long she might have gone on if her Aunt Jennie hadn't come to the door.

Lucelet, mopping her face as dry as she could with her wet handkerchief, went to let her in. No woman could help but see. Aunt Jennie saw and was shocked. "What, homesick?" said she.

Lucelet made no answer, only to turn away and mop up fresh tears.

"Well, you shouldn't come up here and shut yourself up then. It's a lonesome, rainy day, anyway. Come down where the boys are and get acquainted—they'll chirk you up. They're a live set! You can't be lonesome with them, long. Just hear that, now!"

Hear that, indeed! As though it were some very funny performance!

Every possible sound that a cat could make, excepting a purr, was audible from below. Poor cat! poor cat! The bright, angry crimson flamed into Lucelet's cheeks.

She turned and faced Aunt Jenny.

"Auntie, do you let 'em? do they think you let 'em? Why do you? O, how can you?"

Aunt Jennie looked somewhat astonished, but she spoke pleasantly. "You dear child, what do you know of life? You're a girl; you never had any brothers; of course you don't know! You don't know what three boys, three great, stout, healthy boys, are in a house. I'm only too thankful if they'll take up their time with the cat and keep out of worse mischief. Of course I'd rather they wouldn't, but if it wasn't that it would be something else."

"O, Aunt Jennie, I think it's very wicked!" said Lucelet, her breast heaving afresh. "And, Aunt Jennie, I don't think I can stand it."

"Well, I hope you won't," said Aunt Jennie, still very pleasantly. "Perhaps you can make them over. I haven't time. And, now, wash your face and come down."

But Lucelet thought she couldn't yet. Aunt Jennie saw the tears come afresh every few moments in spite of Lucelet's efforts to prevent them, and so she left her in her chamber. Lucelet thought she heard her aunt scolding the boys, after she went down; but if she did scold them, it did no good; that was plain. And how shameful it was to hear that naughty black-and-tan scamper and bark, and to hear the little cat spit, and the boys shriek with laughter. O! it was too shameful, and at last, Lucelet rose suddenly and ran downstairs.

She flung the door open and stood in the midst of the uproar. A sudden hush fell on the three young ruffians. Fred was holding a spiteful little black-and-tan by the ears, and setting him on a poor little gray cat crouched in a corner, her escape being prevented by Phil and Will who each guarded her with a broom. What terror there was in the little creature's eyes! Aunt Jennie was out in the kitchen frying doughnuts; Uncle Theodore was fast asleep in his chair, his newspaper over his head.

"You boys!" cried Lucelet, at last, "you dreadful boys! There is a Mr. Bergh! I know about him and I shall write to him—I shall, indeed—you very bad boys! To torture a poor little kitty hour after hour! to pinch her poor tail! to scallop her poor ears! to make her cry so and feel so scared! O, you poor, poor little kitty!"

And Lucelet, turning from the astonished boys, went over where the poor cat was crouched, the great green eyes glaring as she came nearer.

"Poor kitty! pretty kitty!" murmured Lucelet, softly, while Phil and Will moved away. She tenderly laid her hand on the soft furry back—no, not quite, for the "poor kitty" suddenly turned into a great, round, electric fur-ball, and shot away from under her touch, whiz, whiz, whiz, across the floor, her tail big as a feather duster, and spitting with all her might. Lucelet, her arm tingling to the shoulder from the shock as if kitty had been a galvanic battery, stood gazing after her, while the boys roared: "Hello, Lucy! wasn't very grateful, was she? She thinks you are worse than Fury! Fury never scared her half as bad as that!"

Lucelet made no answer. The strength lent by her honest indignation was forsaking her, and the little thing turned so white presently that the three boys came running to her, all together. Fred grasped her arm, but even then Lucelet couldn't forget that his hands had just been rubbing Fury's ears to set him on poor puss. She shook his touch from her sleeve:

"Go away! it's because you never have petted her! She don't know the meaning of being smoothed—she thought I was going to strike her! You wicked boys! I don't believe she ever purred in her life! If I had any place to go to I'd not stay here!"

And Lucelet just glared at them through her tears.

"You'd better come away, Fred," said Will. "She'll turn into a ball of fire, too, if you touch her! Nasty cat! Let's let her alone."

"Come, come, children," said Uncle Theodore, who, waked from his nap, had been a somewhat surprised spectator of the scene. 'You've begun quarreling pretty early in the day, seems to me! Off to the barn with you now, you Fred, and let the cats and dogs alone! And, Lucelet,—well, I guess you don't understand boys very well!"

Aunt Jenny came in after the boys were gone.

"And now, Lucelet," said she, after she had coaxed the poor little thing to lie down on the big chintz lounge, "and now, Lucelet, I know you mean well, but it's best to take things right at the start, and as your Uncle Theodore said, 'You don't know boys very well.' I'm not scoldin' you, or anything like it; but you've got the boys to live with, and they could make it pretty uncomfortable for you if they took a dislike to you. I reckoned, when your mother died, and it was settled you'd live with us, that as you had no brothers, and they no sister, it would be a nice thing for you all. But as your Uncle Theodore said, 'A quarrel the very first day'! It's a rather poor promise! If you knew anything about boys you never'd begin like this!"

Little Lucelet was calmer now, and things didn't seem quite as they had seemed. Her aunt's designation, "a quarrel," really seemed about the words for the affair.

"Auntie," she said, after a while, "I am sorry about what I did. I'm afraid I didn't begin right with the boys. Maybe if I'd asked them 'please not,' they would have stopped."

"I think they would," said Aunt Jennie.

"And," said Lucelet, "I don't think I had a right to give orders and act so in your house, do you?"

"No," said Aunt Jennie, "I don't.

"But I was in such distress to hear the kitty cry," Lucelet went on. "Still, Auntie, I am sorry. I truly am, very, very sorry!"

Out in the barn Fred, Will, and Phil sat up in the hay, whittling. How Daisy, Sorrel-top, and their fellows were going to relish pine chips in their hay never troubled the boys.

"Little fire-cat, aint she?" said Phil.

"I should say she was, rather!" said Fred. "I know my hand burns yet where she struck it from her arm!"

"Well," said Will, tossing up his knife and catching it dexterously, "she's a girl, you know. Girls always do act so 'bout cats and things."

Phil just growled at the prospect.

"And I s'pose we've got to have her for always! Hang a girl, I say!"

"Might tease her for a change, and let the cat rest," suggested Fred; but he did not laugh very heartily at his wit himself, and the rest didn't laugh at all. They all whittled away in silence, looking rather cross; and when they talked again they talked of something else.

It would be gratifying to say that the three brothers entered into a compact then and there not to pull nor pinch the cat's tail, nor set Fury at her, nor scare her out of her wits in any way; and also not to tease their poor little orphan cousin. They entered into no such agreement; nevertheless, each must have said something to himself respecting the matter, for truly it was the last time they indulged in that barbarous sort of fun, in the house, at least.

Perhaps, though, this silent reflection was not made until after supper, for when they went to that meal their mother turning around from the stove where she was dishing the chicken said "sh!"

And there, on the chintz sofa, was their little cousin fast asleep, the traces of tears still on her face, and curled up in her arms lay the cat, fast asleep too. Lucelet did not waken, but kitty's ears were quicker. At the first sound of the boys' boots she pricked up her ears, lifted her head, broke from the tender arms that held her, sprang over Lucelet, giving the little soft white neck a violent kick as she went, and flew in a straight streak from the room.

"I'd be ashamed of that, boys!" said their father.

That was all he said, but their mother said more:

"I know she's nothing but a cat, but when a cat's scared she is scared, and a cat suffers she does suffer. And when I get to considering what boys find fun in, I—I think 'pretty small potatoes' of boys!"

What ever it might be to be thought "small potatoes" of, the idea of rankled in the hearts of the boys; for more than once that night each said, "Hang a girl in the house! Have we got to have her here always, do you s'pose?"

Lucelet was rather shy of the boys for a few days and the boys were equally shy of her. But she pared apples for Aunt Jennie, made the boys' beds, knit her uncle a pair of good, substantial, blue yarn wristers, and, when alone with the two, was as chirk as a bird. The boys, very conscious of her chatty amiability, often hearing her soft little laugh as they opened the door (always quickly hushed, though, when they came in), fairly envying their father and mother for the good times they seemed to have with Lucelet, grew to feel "left out," and became at last so dull and silent and inoffensive that Lucelet, in secret, began for each of them a pair of wristers, knitting their own names and hers in each pair. "They'll know by that I ain't mad," she said, "and it's the only way I can think of to tell them so."

Meantime both parties to the "quarrel" cultivated the cat. But it was up hill business on the part of the boys. I believe that the little gray cat, with her frightened start when either of them approached her, her hurried spring to run in any possible direction, grew to haunt and distress them. I know that when at last, Fred, great red-cheeked fellow after days of modulating his voice to say "Pussie," "Cattie," "Kittie," gently, did succeed in getting the wild little creature to come and lap the saucer of new warm milk he had set for her, and when she at last allowed him to rest his finger on her fur without running away, the tears stood in his big brown eyes. "I never'll make anything afraid of me again, see if I do!" he said to himself.

And a day or two after that, when he walked up to Lucelet with the kitty nestled in his arms, and held the purring creature out and said "Here's your cat, little missus!" the trouble came to an end.

For Lucelet was equal to the occasion. She slipped one hand through his arm, and together they stood and petted the pretty animal. "And now," said she, "see what I've taught her to do—put her down please."

And then she made a dainty arch of her two white hands, and over went kit as gracefully as you please, back and forth, back and forth, for of course Phil and Will came too, to see.

That was the first real frolic the cousins had together, and it was the time when they became really acquainted. Four bright children can do almost anything; and, before two days, these four had made the cat and the terrier "make friends" and side by side, vault over the arch of Fred's and Lucelet's clasped hands. And, altogether, they made almost as much racket as the boys ever had; but, as Aunt Jenny said, "it was a very different kind of racket."—*Wide Awake.*

"DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT."

Julia Burr sat needle in hand, and on the chair before her three pairs of shabby little shoes, that looked as if they'd run a good many miles before they got there, stood waiting for buttons and polish.

"Cobbling, Julia?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Mamma gives me ten cents a week for church money for keeping the children's shoes tidy," explained Julia.

Julia said little and worked steadily, but at last she broke out impatiently, "Dear me, I never saw such thread, it isn't worth anything. It snaps two or three times over every button."

"Perhaps you're in too much of a hurry," suggested auntie.

"I am in a desperate hurry, but I try not to jerk the thread. It seems since I've undertaken to keep the children's shoes in order that they're harder than ever on them. Here are ten buttons off, and yesterday I sewed on six."

"'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' Julia."

"Did you think I was complaining, auntie?"

"It sounded a little like it."

"Well, I didn't mean it should. I am sorry I spoke so. But I really do think more buttons than usual are needed lately."

"It may be the fault is in yourself; perhaps you don't sew them on securely."

"Now, auntie, that is too bad; truly I do. I am going to tell you just how I feel about that. You see I thought I ought to earn the money I take to church and Sunday-school. I'm old enough now to understand about the different societies, and I like to feel I am helping a little. So I asked mamma to give me something to do, and she gave me this work. I always hated to do anything to shoes: but when I undertook it, I made up my mind I'd do my best, and I sew the buttons on stronger, and put the polish on more carefully, because I'm going to give the money to do God's work. I feel as if he wouldn't want it unless I earned it conscientiously."

"You do it 'to the Lord' then, dear."

"Yes, auntie, and I try to do it with all my might."—*Child's Paper.*

ONE HUNDRED and sixty-seven of the 670 students in the Boston University are women They are raising $40,000 to found a professorship, to be filled by a woman.

HOW WE CHURNED.

BY PHILIP SNOW.

Was I too sure that Sarah and I would never quarrel again, that I needed another lesson? Perhaps, as the months went calmly by, I grew self-confident and boastful; at any rate, I have been again at the school of sad experience, but the last time Sarah was my fellow pupil, and which of us stood at the head when the day's work was over, I cannot quite tell.

Well, early in the fall, Sarah began to lament the necessity of buying our milk and butter. Now and then the butter was rank, and the milk watered, and every time it occurred the misfortune served Sarah's purpose, and gave her an opportunity of dwelling upon the advantage of owning a cow. Week after week it was the same; every bit of squash, or turnip upon the table reminded my wife that it would be so much cheaper and better to make our own butter. I always turned the subject, but it was not for long. In vain I argued upon the other side of the question; Sarah is a match for any man in an argument, in her own dignified way. I set forth the expense of pasturage and hay, and the trouble of the animal. But Sarah could see no difficulty at all. I could drive the cow to pasture during the summer when I went to the shop. We could give her odds and ends from the table so that she would need less hay, and really, milking was nothing; her father used to milk ten cows before breakfast, and think nothing of it, and if I couldn't milk one it was a pity.

Need I say that we have a cow? Sarah saw a fine one at farmer Johnson's in November, and, before the week was out I had drawn from the little sum deposited in the savings' bank a hundred dollars. Fifty paid for the noble animal, and Mr. Johnson affirmed she was cheap at that. Twenty-five bought a ton and a half of hay and with the rest I built a shed for her accommodation. Really, we were both proud of the sleek creature on that first day, and I began to hope she would prove better than money in the bank. Still it was with something of dread that I looked forward to milking time. I had often watched the interesting process, but until I tried for myself, I had but a meagre idea of the skill required.

Well, the days went by and we set apart Monday evening for the great event of churning. We had a fine lot of cream, and as Sarah poured it out of the jar, I began to feel sure I had always wanted a cow, and to anticipate the time when I could say to my neighbors: "Ah friends, we have no trouble now, we make our own butter."

I was a little dismayed at Sarah's choice of a churn, for why women always will have an old-fashioned dash churn if possible, I do not know. In my early boyhood, at my uncle's, I had practiced upon the thing, and knew it was aggravating, but Sarah was sure that butter came firmer, and sweeter, and of course now we had a cow we wanted good butter. I began to churn, the cream began to thicken and increase in volume, till I told my wife, we should be able to pack a whole tub at least; ever thicker, and more aspiring, it filled the churn completely, and at last lay piled round the dasher, with an evident intention of reaching the top. My arms grew weary, my patience small. Sarah sat by to encourage me, and now and then offered to help. At last I went off to borrow a larger churn, and after much tribulation the cream was transferred to it, and I turned the crank with renewed ardor. I repeated coaxingly that good old stanza.

"Cream, cream butter make,
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a butter cake,"

but all in vain. I began to get desperate, but Sarah was delightfully cool and consoling. She had heard that butter kept better if it did not come too quick.

"And pray, Mrs. Snow," I asked "will you please specify what you consider too quick? Here it is almost ten o'clock and I have been hard at work upon it for four mortal hours."

She sweetly answered that she guessed it would come before long, it seemed as if it must.

"Are you sure it was warm enough," I inquired an hour later, "I think I've heard that having the cream too cold is bad if you are in a hurry."

"Why Philip, it must be warm enough, I brought it in before tea and it stood in the kitchen a long time."

I began again with a vigor born of desperation, but to all appearance I might have folded my hands as well. Sarah tried to cheer me on, but I was too far gone in despair and vexation.

"I've a great mind to send the confounded thing over the bank," I muttered, "I don't believe it was warm enough. Women are always so afraid of cream being half warmed."

"And men are always so afraid of cream's being to cold; for my part I want butter to come hard," returned she.

She left the room a moment, and I seized the tea-kettle and poured in a liberal quantity of hot water. On her return, she affirmed that there was a different sound about it, and that it was just ready to come. I laughed to myself, but kept silence. Truly there was a change, but it grew thin and settled down, down to its first estate, but alas! it did not come.

At last I confessed my evil deed, and very meekly went out for ice to cool it up again. My exultation had died out, but Sarah was still hopeful. However, boiling and freezing alike proved ineffectual, and as one o'clock came I put down my foot, as becoming the master of the house, and affirmed I would not churn another minute if the butter never came. Sarah thought it a pity, for, perhaps, it might be almost here, and it seemed too bad to leave it now, when ten minutes might bring it. But I maintained my ground manfully, and was soon sleeping calmly.

Early next morning we were up with a stolid determination to conquer or die. Sarah churned while I milked, I churned while she got breakfast. Noon came, still we churned; my work at the shop was untouched, but one thing consoled me, Sarah stood by me faithfully. There was no assumed superiority now and it was with a very becoming meekness that she suggested that perhaps, after all, our ancestors were right and that somet mes churns were bewitched. It was a trifle monotonous but not hard, anger had died out long ago, there was now only a dogged determination "to fight it out on this line" to the bitter end.

At length as the sun went down, Sarah proposed to give it up, and keep the cream for shortening. I knew my duty better, so still I churned. Often we lifted the cover in search of consolation; many times we were sure it was changing, but yet at dusk, it seemed not a whit nearer than in the morning. I went out for a breath of air, and Sarah took my place. A little later I stepped upon the piazza.

What sound is that? It is the delightful "swash" of the buttermilk, and the "chug" of the butter as it goes down. Sarah was radiant, I seized her and gave her an ecstatic kiss. I watched with admiring eyes while she removed, washed, and salted the yellow mass. It looked so nice I almost forgot the labor we had expended on it; just then a neighbor dropped in, we told him our trouble and asked this opinion.

"Too cold," he replied sententiously. I am proud to say I did not even look triumphantly at Sarah, as he thus corroborated my opinion.

"I shall take that cow back to-morrow," I observed, "we can't afford to make our own butter, till we grow richer.

"All nonsense," said he, "just get a thermometer, and it will be all right."

The good book says that "the sleep of the laboring man is sweet," and you may be sure that I rested beautifully that night. The next morning on the way to the shop, I bought a thermometer, and since that time churning day has lost its terror. We no longer rush blindly on in an unknown way, but follow David Crockett's own bit of advice, and "be sure we are right, then go ahead." I am a wiser man, I trust; Sarah, too, is growing more considerate, and is not always quite so sure of things, which adds greatly to my comfort.

Altogether, as we sit cosily together of an evening, or draw our chairs around the table, adorned with fresh vegetables, and a golden ball of "our butter". I feel sure things might be worse. I have, indeed, almost come back to my old belief, that Sarah is as near an angel as it is possible to be and yet be a woman. —*The Household.*

WHAT ARE YOUR CHILDREN READING.

Preaching a few Sundays since in one of our country churches, we noticed that the little son of our host, who was about twelve years of age, was entirely absorbed in the book which he had secured from the Sunday-school library. He curled himself up upon the lounge, and was soon entirely unconscious of what was said or done in the room. His face was flushed with the exciting details of the story, and he reluctantly closed the volume when summoned to supper.

He was reading one of the numerous exciting sea tales, of a prolific author, which are sold by tens of thousands, and form no small proportion of many of our Sunday-school libraries. The language of them is coarse, although not exactly profane; the incidents in them are astonishing, even if not absolutely improbable; the plot is somewhat intricate, the occurences are exciting, and the out come is wonderful! Boys are absolutely fascinated by them. Now, what is the most manifest result of reading them? Not to speak of the fact that they crowd aside all religious reading on the Sabbath, and fairly overmaster all the sanctuary and home influences of the day, of a serious or spiritual character; overlooking also, the vital truth that the intellectual and moral culture of such a book is exactly like to that of the family presence of a rough and vulgar companion; that it is all the time weakening the mental fibre, and deteriorating the moral strength—leaving these important considerations out of our view, for the time, let us not forget that an overmastering, morbid appetite is being nurtured and fed, which will constantly demand, hereafter, the same kind of nutriment, only in a stronger form. All taste for wholesome and improving literature is destroyed, and only a craving is engendered for the lightest and most noxious fictions. Why is it that nearly eighty per cent. of the patrons of our public libraries choose only novels, and, when they can be obtained, only those of the most flashly character? It is simply because they are brought up, in their childhood and youth, in our homes and Sunday-schools, upon these weak and improbable novelettes.

But what shall be done about it? Shall we snatch the entertaining volume from the hand of the bewitched little lad? By no means. There is an infinitely better way than this. By all means, if he reads the book, let it be done in the common sitting-room, and in the presence of his parents. Do not train him to concealment and hyprocisy. Do not force him into the hay-mow, or into his cold chamber, or to snatch the opportunity, with the stealthy lamp by night. Better, a thousand times, have him read the book before your face, than simply to drive him into concealment, and abuse his conscience and harden his heart at the same time. The boy is to be won to something better. It will cost something, as every valuable results does, to accomplish this, but the end gained will be an ample compensation for all the time and trouble incident to its consummation.

Boys that are accustomed to simply and wholesome food, find their appetites entirely satisfied with it; but by pandering a lad's taste with rich viands only for a little while, he will soon turn away disgusted from his oatmeal and bread and milk. We know a father who has been accustomed to read volumes of history, of travel, or read adventure, and of popular science, with his little boys almost from the time they were able themselves to read. Now, about ten and twelve, they are as intrested in a volume of well written history, in polar explorations, and in clear illustrations of applied science, as the father himself. He reads aloud in the family. He has the children read in their turn; and he makes the facts of their reading the subject of of domestic conversation. Here is the very simply secret of awakening and culturing a taste for pure and instructive literature.

There never was an hour when so many specially entertaining volumes were coming from the press. Hundreds of juvenile works, if only a little time were taken to sift them out from the masses of trash, of the most wholesome and attractive character, are now provided for young people. But the indispensable thing is for the parent to be personally interested in the reading of the child. The father or mother must watch and cultivate the taste, as a wise parent would care for a child if one of its limbs threatened to become, in some way, distorted, or elements of physical disease had manifested themselves A pure taste for wholesome knowledge is more important than a perfect foot, or the cure of an perfect foot, or the cure of an oblique vision in the eye. Any Christian parent would blame himself severely, and properly, if he should neglect, in time, to correct any morbid physical tendency on the part of a child. Of how much importance is it that he should watch over the healthful development of his child's mind? and how much more bitter will be his chagrin, when he apprehends, as he some time may, the sad consequences which follow such neglect! —*Zion's Herald.*

—If there ever should be organized a society for the prevention of worry, we think it might find a field for usefulness and hopeful labor in preventing or curing the habit of idle and pointless complaining and needless fretfulness, which blights so many homes. It could teach overwrought mothers and overactive fathers to take more sleep—to breathe a better air—to stop overloading their stomachs—and thus abolish many of the strictly physical causes of a disagreeable habit of unamiableness. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in this matter, for the descending steps of the scale are: Worry, fret, "stew," growl, bark, bite. And when one has gone clear down there, philosophy won't save him. Reform has as hopeless a job in tackling him as it has in dealing with an old hack politician Conversion—the real, old-fashioned conviction of sin, repentance and a new birth—will alone do the job. Beware, therefore, how you yield to any tendencies in this direction that can be controlled or checked. Worry may be unavoidable; but nobody has a right to make a human burr or cur of himself.—*Golden Rule.*

Question Corner.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. Where is the first mention of beggars in the Bible?
50. Where is the first prophecy of the millennium recorded?
51. Where is recorded the first act of surveying?
52. Where do we read of the first Christian letter of recommendation?
53. When and by whom were Temperance Societies first formed?
54. Where were mules first found, and by whom?
55. To whom did God promise that his children should be in numbers as the stars of heaven?
56. How many examples does the Scripture give of ungodly men desiring the prayers of the righteous and what are they?
57. Why were the Levites scattered over the face of the earth?
58. What king beat down a city and sowed it with salt?
59. Who was the father-in-law of Moses?
60. What prophet was himself the subject of prophecy?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A name, the symbol of mere worldly gain,
   To love it and love God—the attempt is vain.
2. A vale Tobiah sought, with feigned alarm,
   To entrap there Nehemiah to his harm.
3. A plain where building projects of proud aim,
   By heaven confounded soon were put to shame.
4. A word of Christ which ears fast chained unbound.
5. For incense, jewels, gold, a land renowned.

The *initials* of these words read downwards, and the *finals* upwards give the names of two brothers.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS OF MAY 1ST.

25. Maaseiah.
26. Ararat.
27. Be fruitful and multiply &c.
28. The Eunuch of Ethiopia.
29. Abram.
30. Solomon's navy.
31. When the men of Judah crossed the Jordan at Gilgal to King David.
32. At Antioch by Paul and Barnabas.
33. Gen. xxiii. 3 Abraham purchased a burying place for Sarah at Machpelah.
34. Job xix. 23, 24.
35. By Abraham in the purchase of land.
36. Repent.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

1. J-egar-sahaduth-a.
2. E-as-t.
3. H-achila-h.
4. O-she-a.
5. I-shmae-l
6. A-i.
7. D-ur-a.
8. A-bia-h.

Jehoiada—Athaliah.

A subscriber sends us the following assertions which our young readers for their own satisfaction might endeavor to verify:—

The 19th chapter of the second of Kings and the 37th of Isaiah are alike. The shortest verse in the old testament is in 1st Chronicles 1st chapter and 1st verse, "Adam Sheth, Enosh;" the shortest verse in the new testament is the 11th chapter of John, verse 35, "Jesus wept." Chapters in old testament, 929, chapters in new testament, 260. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it. Words in the old testament, 529,439, words in the new testament 281,258. Letters in the old testament, 2,728,100, letters in the new testament 838,380. Verses in the old testament, 23,214, verses in the new testament, 7,959. Letters in the Bible, old and new testament, 3,566,480.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

Rispit L. Duncan, Little Shemogue, N. B. 10; Rebecca W. Shakespere, N. E. Hope, B. C. 7; Agnes McCartney, Durham, Ont., 5; Pattie Sandie, Caledonia, Ont., 9; John F. Millen, Cottam, Ont., 10; Stephen S. Stevens, Hopewell Hill, N.B., 7; Margaret R. Clayton, Loydtown, Ont., 6; Sarah McGregor, Wingham, Ont., 4; Lillie Jackson, Southampton Ont., 8; M. M., East Nissouri, Ont., 7; D. J. Dyson, Kintail, Ont., 4; Harry E. Gowen, Kingsey, Que., 10; Jas. Rose, Black Heath, Ont., 10; Jas. G. Jackson, Westmeath, Ont., 10.

The following are the answers received up to date for the questions of May 1st:—

Pattie Sandys, Caledonia, Ont., 10; A. P. Soland, Inverness, Que., 8; Hannah M. Treleaven, Eden, Ont., 10; Maud Kirkland sends, from New Westminster, British Columbia, the answers to the questions of No. 7, nine of which are correct.

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

PSALM 19: 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON IX.—June 16.

Messiah's Kingdom.—Dan. vii. 9-14.

9. I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garments was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire.

10. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.

11. I beheld then because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake: I beheld even till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame.

12. As concerning the rest of the beasts, they had their dominion taken away: yet their lives were prolonged for a season and time.

13. I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him.

14. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

Golden Text.—**"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre."** —Ps. xlv. 6.

1. In studying the history of Daniel what must we remember?

Ans. That he was a prophet.

2. What is a prophet?

Ans. One who prophesies, or foretells what is going to take place.

3. How did Daniel know what was going to take place in the future?

Ans. God told him in visions and dreams.

4. What is this lesson about?

Ans. About a vision which Daniel had of Messiah's kingdom.

5. Who is Messiah?

Ans. Messiah is another name for Christ.

6. What did Daniel see in his vision, before Christ's kingdom was shown him?

Ans. "Four great beasts came up from the sea" (ver. 3).

7. What was meant by these four beasts and their horns?

Ans. Four kingdoms and their kings.

8. Describe the fourth beast?

Ans. "A fourth beast dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly" (ver. 7).

9. What kingdom is meant by this fourth beast?

Ans. Probably Syria, which was "dreadful and terrible" to God's ancient people, the Jews.

10. What next did Daniel behold in his dream or vision? Ver. 9.

11. What thrones are here referred to?

Ans. The four kingdoms which were destroyed before Christ came.

12. Who is meant by the Ancient of days?

Ans. The Lord our God.

13. What do we understand by the white garments?

Ans. His purity and holiness.

14. What is meant by the fiery flames about the throne, and the fiery stream?

Ans. The justice and judgment of God.

15. Whom did Daniel see before and around the throne? Ver. 10.

16. Who are they?

Ans. Angels and saints, the inhabitants of heaven.

17. Who was to be judged?

Ans. The nations and kingdoms who were so wicked.

18. What judgments were sent on the beasts, or kingdoms? Vers. 11, 12.

19. What is next shown to Daniel in his vision? Ver. 13.

20. Who is this Son of man?

Ans. Christ our Saviour.

21. What was given to him?

22. Why ought all people and nations and languages to serve him?

Ans. Because he died to save all people and nations and languages.

23. How long before Christ's life and death on earth was Daniel's vision?

Ans. More than five hundred years.

24. Has this vision all been fulfilled?

Ans. Not yet, and will not be until all the world shall serve Christ.

25. Who belong to Christ's kingdom?

Ans. All who love him, and do his will.

26. May children come into the kingdom of Christ?

27. What did David say about his throne and sceptre? Golden Text.

28. Why does he call him God?

Ans. He is the Son of God.

29. What is a sceptre?

Prayer for this week,

THY KINGDOM COME.

LESSON XII.—June 23.

The Decree of Cyrus.—2 Chron. xxxvi. 22, 23.

22. Now in the first year of Cyrus king of Persia, that the word of the Lord spoken by the mouth of Jeremiah might be accomplished, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus king of Persia, that he made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and put it also in writing, saying,

23. Thus saith Cyrus king of Persia, All the kingdoms of the earth hath the Lord God of heaven given me; and he hath charged me to build him a house in Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all his people? The Lord his God be with him, and let him go up.

Golden Text.—**"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned."**—Isa. xl. 2.

1. Do you remember where the people of Judah were carried when their country was conquered?

Ans. To Babylon, by King Nebuchadnezzar?

2. What was their condition there?

Ans. They were servants and slaves.

3. How long were they kept in Babylon?

Ans. For seventy years, just as it had been foretold by Jeremiah.

4. When the seventy years were ended, how many of those brought from Judah were living?

Ans. Very few; but of their children and grandchildren there were many thousands.

5. Had they forgotten their country and their religion?

Ans. They remembered both with great love and interest.

6. What do they say about their memories of their home?

Ans. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion" (Ps. cxxxvii. 1).

7. Had they given up their idolatry?

Ans. Yes, entirely.

8. Who conquered Babylon, and took possession of the country, just at the time when the seventy years of captivity were ended?

Ans. Cyrus, king of Persia.

9. What had been foretold of Cyrus by the prophet Isaiah?

Ans. That he should rebuild Jerusalem and the temple (Isa. xliv. 28).

10. How long before?

Ans. About one hundred years.

11. What happened soon after he became king of Babylon? Ver. 22.

12. Do we ever have proclamations sent all through the land?

13. What was this proclamation of King Cyrus? Ver. 23.

14. How and when had the Lord told Cyrus to do this?

Ans. The Bible does not tell us; but some people think the Lord sent messages to him by Daniel, and others think it was put into his heart by the spirit of the Lord.

15. What do you notice in this proclamation of King Cyrus?

Ans. That he believes in the true God and obeys his commands.

16. What did he want God's people to do?

Ans. To go up to Jerusalem, and help rebuild the city and temple.

17. Were the people glad to go?

Ans. Yes; very glad.

18. What did Cyrus send back again to the temple?

Ans. All the vessels of gold and silver which Nebuchadnezzar had taken away.

19. What did the prophet Isaiah say of Jerusalem? Golden Text.

20. Why was it necessary for this people to be punished so long and severely?

Ans. To make them better, and to show the world how God hates sin.

21. How is the love of God shown to the people of Judah?

Ans. By his care of them, and his great patience, and also by his punishment.

22. How did punishing them show his love?

Ans. He knew it was the only way to cure them of idolatry, and he loved them too well to let them go on in such wickedness.

23. If we are God's children, what shall we know when he sends us any sorrow or trial?

Ans. That it is for our good, and that we can trust his love and wisdom.

24. How do you feel when your parents deny you some thing you wish for very much?

25. If they punish you for doing wrong, does it make you more careful to do right?

26. Why should we love and obey God better than little children love and obey their parents?

Let our prayer be for this week,

"THY WILL BE DONE."

TOMB OF CYRUS AT Murghab.

SAYING NO.

In every school the difference is clearly marked between the boy who has moral pluck and the boy who is mere pulp. The one knows how to say "No." The other is so afraid of being thought "verdant" that he soon kills everything pure and fresh and manly in his character and dries up into a premature hardness of heart. Five lads were once gathered in a room at a boarding-school, and four of them engaged in a game of cards, which was expressly forbidden by the rules. One of the players was called out. The three said to the quiet lad, who was busy at something else: "Come, take a hand with us. It is too bad to have the game broken up." "I do not know one card from another." "That makes no difference," exclaimed the players. "We will show you how. Come along." Now, that was a turning-point in that lad's life. He nobly said: "My father does not wish me to play cards, and I will not disobey him." That sentence settled the matter and settled his position among his associates. He was the boy who could say "No"; and thenceforward his victories were made easy and sure. I well remember the pressure brought to bear in college upon every young man to join in a wine-drink or to take a hand in some contraband amusement. Some timber got well seasoned. Some of the other sort got well rotted through with sensuality and vice.—*Theodore L. Cuyler D. D.*

Pay a Fair Price.—The obligations of honesty in trade are usually thought of as having respect to the seller rather than the buyer of goods. But there is for the one buying also, if not exactly a duty to be honest, yet a duty toward honesty. He ought to be willing to pay a fair price for a good article. If he is not, he puts difficulties in the way of fair dealing and tempts men to fraud. This sin is a common one among us. There is a disposition to buy cheaply at all events; and there is a failure with our people to respond readily to the efforts of manufacturers to furnish them with a really good article. The poor quality of goods offered in many lines of trade is due largely to this cause. It is customary to blame the manufacturers; but the customers of the goods may often be most in fault. It is within our knowledge that strenuous and persistent efforts to sell wares of a superior quality have failed, though the rate of profit was smaller than that upon a poorer article, and though the gain to the purchaser was much greater. The mistake made by the buyer as to his own interest in such a case we do not think of so much, if he will deal so hardly by himself. But the wrong that is done to the cause of good morals deserves to be thought of.—*Churchman.*

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Who Wants a Good and cheap newspaper at a very low rate? Any one who does should read the following offer which will be open for a short time. The Weekly Witness will be sent for six months for fifty cents to new subscribers until this notice is revoked. Our readers who do not know the Weekly Witness should not fail to take advantage of this offer.

A Short Time Ago a prize of $50 was offered for the best Canadian ballad sent to the Witness. Some three hundred were sent, and all were submitted to a committee of three gentlemen to decide which was the best. The judges were the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, Rev. James Carmichael and Mr. Samuel Dawson (the publisher.) Their decision was in favor of a poem by Mr. George Murray, B. A., Oxon. This poem, with five others which received honorable mention, will be published in the July number of the New Dominion Monthly, they all being illustrated by engravings after designs by some of the best Canadian artists. All lovers of Canada should have these poems.

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NEVER SAW ANYTHING SAW

like it before. Now, boys, if you want to saw with a saw with teeth on the back and front, go to work and get $7.00 of new subscriptions. You can if you like take half-yearly subscriptions to the

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MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL

about the house. It will keep them out of mischief, and it will teach them the use of tools. This box of tools will be sent to every person who send us $20 in new subscriptions to the Witness Publications on the yearly or half yearly terms.

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will be sent to the express office nearest the person sending us $10 in new subscriptions to the Witness Publications on the yearly or half yearly terms.

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Remember that these prizes are only for obtaining new subscriptions; that for a short time, and until further notice, half yearly subscriptions to the Weekly Witness will be received for 50 cents each, and that every letter containing amounts for these prizes must have written on it "In Competition."

GOOD HEALTH AND AN EVEN TEMPER ARE TWO of the best accomplishments young ladies can have and these are necessary adjuncts to a beautiful face. The marks of a peevish disposition are not long in stamping themselves on any face, naturally the most beautiful. But who can help feeling peevish when ill-health comes? Very few, indeed, more especially when it is entirely unnecessary. A bad cold, if obtained in carrying words of comfort to a sick friend, is endurable; but it is difficult to enjoy one taken through an act of bravado. Just so when young ladies become invalids through obeying the dictates of that fashion which says: "Put on corsets and lace them as tightly as possible," and others of a similar kind, they find that everything has been lost and nothing found. With the growth of the knowledge of the human system, fashion will begin to obey sanitary laws. The publishers of Dress and Health have done much to direct public attention in this matter. This little book has met with a cordial reception in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in Canada, and the sixth thousand is now ready for sale. For 30 cents each copies will be sent post free to any address in America.

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The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.